### Adventures of an Iron -Brigade Man -

By CAPT. R. K. BEECHAM, 2d Wis.

COPYRIGHTED, 1902, BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

RELLE ISLE.

The island seemed well shaded with trees and fair to look upon, but the soil was a bed of sand and the island was low and level. The prison pen was adjacent to the river, and comprised three or four acres of ground surrounded by a wide, deep ditch and an embankment, within which enclosure there was neither tree, shrub, nor plant, nor flower, blade of grass; nothing but a nor blade of grass; nothing but a bed of sand. In or near one corner, where the water came close to the surface, were three of four excavations about six feet deep, with sloping sides. These were our wells of living water, and the green scum that covered the water made them very inviting. There were also a number of old tents, all badly dilapidated, pitched in a promiscuous cluster in the center of the inclosure, occupied by several hundred Union prisoners of war captured in part from Milroy's command at Winchester in June, and others at some earlier date. No extra tents were furnished for the additional prisoners, and we found shelter as best we could or went without. During our whole imprisonment without. During our whole imprisonment I never once enjoyed the luxury of a change of clothing or the opportunity to

wash a garment.

For sporting men our island had one attraction that must not be overlooked; Belle Isle abounded in small game. There Belle Isle abounded in small game. There was more hunting to be enjoyed to the square inch on that island than anywhere else in the wide world, and the beauty of it was that the hunter could always find his game, and if he refused to hunt the game would soon find him. The little animal was too small to be of any use in the economy of nature in supporting life, but it was a great life destroyer, and would it was a great life destroyer, and would boldly invade our camp in broad day. Very few of us were lovers of the chase, and we did not hunt them in wanton and we did not hunt them in wanton cruelty, but for the same reason that British soldiers hunt tigers in India—to free the land from a blood-thirsty enemy of mankind. These animais would never hesitate for a moment to attack a man, and frequently I have known comrades to be health hitten by them. In short they and frequently I have known comrades to be badly bitten by them. In short, they were death's myrmidons, the tigers of Belle Isle, and although these Southern "grabax" were not as powerful, singly and alone, as an Asiatic tiger, they were just as blood-thirsty, and through their com-bined efforts would kill a man just as surely, if not driven off or destroyed. Need I say this continual required of please.

ng made at irregular intervals. expected to be exchanged, and hope is a onderful invigorator.

THE FARE OF SOUTHERN PRISONERS. The statement has oft been made an

published that the clergy, especially the Catholic clergy and Sisters of Charity, were frequent and almost constant visitors of Southern prisons, doing all in their power for the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of the prisoners, but during my imprisonment neither Catholic nor Protestant clergy-man, or Sister of Charity ever darkened the gate. The hearts of the ciergy treason to leave any room for the Gospe of Christ. The cooking establishment for the prison

was situated just outside of the pen, on the bank of the James River, and 20 or 25 rods above it, at the other corner of the pen, and out over the river a few feet, were situated the prison sinks. The water supply for cooking purposes was drawn from the river, and of the relative situation of our kitchen and the sinks I have no further statement to make, except that the statement of their relative positions

The quality of our food was not firstrate, but fair—at least it was our fare. On this question of the fare of prisoners generally in the South, the effort has been made of late years, both in the South and in the North, to show that prisoners were treated as well as it was possible to treat them, and that any starvation of pris-oners that may have occurred was unintentional and all owing to the fact that a f destitution, akin to famine, exstate of destitution, and to last of listed all over the Southern country. Not long since an article headed "Libby Prison" went the rounds of the Northern papers, being first published in the Gin-cinnati Enquirer. I give the article here in full as published:

"LIBBY PRISON.

"Talk with Capt. Jack Warner, Commis-sary of That Notorious Place.

"Captain Jackson Warner, Quarter-master and Commissary of Libby Prison during the war, was in the city during the during the war, was in the city during the past week and left for his home in Illinois last night. Capt. Warner is now enfeebled by age. He has nearly reached the 73d mile-post, but his mind is as clear and as bright as ever. The old gentleman was a conspicuous figure in Richmond during the most exciting period of the rabellion. It is difficult to engage him. rebellion. It is difficult to engage him in conversation about the prison, but when once started he talks freely and relates many interesting incidents which hundreds of Union prisoners will remember. From letters in his pessession it is evident that Capt. Warner was as humane and considerate to unfortunate prisoners as circumstances would permit. He made scores of friends by his kindness, and is in regular correspondence with several army officers who boarded with him during the late unpleasantness. 'I was Commissary and Quartermaster at Libby Prison from 1861 to 1864, he said, when requested to give some of his reminiscences to the Enquirer. 'It was not a pleasant duty, but I have the consciousness of feeling that I never treated any man harshly or cruelly. When we had good provisions the ers got them. Sometimes they fared bet-ter than the men in the Confederate army. I have seen Lee's soldiers pick up and eat crusts of bread thrown out by the prisoners'."

As Belle Isle was our abiding place for some time, and as it soon after became in every sense of the term what it was even then fast becoming, one of the "death traps" for Union prisoners, of which the South developed several, I will endeavor to be study to the seven that the study of the seven that the seven that the seven the seven that the seven the seven that to give a fair idea of how it appeared to states during the same period, only 30,152, or 13 1-3 per cent., died, is proof positive that 37,508 deaths were the direct result of exposure and starvation; and in the face of such facts to talk of prisoners

What wonder that excitement ran high—that men held their breath in suspense? Rapidly the names are read off by the clerk, to which each fortunate one responds as he runs through the gate. The quota is almost filled; there are only a few more names to be drawn. The 2d Wis, is called. How that name thrills the very marrow in my bones, for my name is among the number on that short list. Then follows a moment of suspense that no living being who has not been placed in a like situation can imagine, a few seconds of time of almost endless duration. My heart stands still in an agony of hope and dread. Will the quota hold out? Will my name ever be reached? Live a thousand years, I cannot experience another such moment. At last the spell is broken, my name is called, then my heart gives a great rebound, and I stepped out from under the "Shadow of Death."

A few more names, not to exceed half I adozen, were called after mine. They followed me through, and the gates were closed. We did not know that so far ras this world is concerned the gates of SSth Ohio. Favette O, writes "I enlisted the first English settlement on American soil in 1607: past old Fort Mource, with its frowning batternent on American soil in 1607: past old Fort Mource, with its frowning batternent on American soil in 1607: past old Fort Mource, with its frowning batternent on American soil in 1607: past old Fort Mource, with its frowning batternent on American soil in 1607: past old Fort Mource, with its frowning batternent on American soil in 1607: past old Fort Mource, with its frowning batternent on American soil in 1607: past old Fort Mource, with its frowning batternent on American soil in 1607: past old Fort Mource, with its frowning batternent on American soil in 1607: past old Fort Mource, with its frowning batternent on American soil in 1607: past old Fort Mource, with its frowning batternent on American soil in 1607: past old Fort Mource, with the star, drawn and round ing the point turns her, prow until batternent on American soil in 1607: pa

rades left behind did not know that so far of exposure and starvation; and in the as this world is concerned the gates of freedom had closed upon them forever.

The idea that there was a state of famine or anything approaching it in the more than 18 months later. How many



That we were not content with our delightful sand-lots? That the days dragged wearily by? Talk not to me of your long June days in the North—they are as but moments. The longest days ever experienced by man were those prison days of July and Army of the Potomac, where it is generally supposed we lived on softwearily by? Talk not to me of your long June days in the North—they are as but moments. The longest days ever experienced by man were those prison days of July and August in the sunny Southland, within a stone's throw of the court of Jefferson Davis.

I will not attempt to depict the scenes I witnessed there: I could not if I would: I would not if I could; but death was among us, gathering in his victims from day to day. There was not the semblance of a hospital in connection with the prison, and everything was arranged to invite disease and increase the death-rate. Yet we saw only a fraction of the horrors of prison life—or prison death, as it afterward became, when all exchange of prisoners had ceased, and the doors of hope were closed. At that time the oldest prisoner on Belle Isle had not been there to exceed 60 days, for exchanges were being made at irregular intervals. We all

seen demonstrated more than once. During the last year of the war Sher-man marched an army of 60,000 men from Atlanta to Savannah, a distance of

300 miles, in dead of Winter, subsisting upon provisions they found in the country, and Sherman's men did not starve, but and Sherman's men did not starve, but came through fat, saucy and in splendid fighting condition.

This starvation of prisoners was a sav

This starvation of prisoners was a savage, inhuman and cowardly policy, inaugurated by a set of men better qualified by Nature, and by their education, to become henchmen of the prince of darkness than the rulers of a nation which they sought to establish.

The people of the South, generally, may be everyted from complicity in this

be exonerated from complicity in this wicked and cowardly policy, but it is useless for them to deny that such a policy existed; that it was planned after cool and deliberate consideration by Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet; that it was ap-proved by such men as Lee, Johnston and Jackson, who commanded the Confederate armies in the field; and that it was ex-ecuted in cold-blooded cruelty by Winder, Ould and their minions.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

that they held to life by a thread, and these were the men the Confederates wanted to exchange without fail; but as wanted to exchange without fail; but as many well men were trying to play the sick dodge in order to get exchanged among the first, the Confederate official, Dick Turner, I think, then in charge of the prison, took his station in the gate with a long butcher knife in his hand to keep back the surging crowd, and selected the sick from the well as they were exhibited before him.

By this time my tent-mate, Frank Wilkins, was barely able to walk. He Wilkins, was barely able to walk. He was, seemingly, nearer to death's door than any man could be and recover, and for several days previously I had expected to find him dead each morning. I was not in very robust health or strength myself, but I could take Frank under my arm and carry him as I would a child, and when I arrived at the gate the butcher-knife official thought he saw a man on whom death had set his seal and he said: "Let that man pass through." The offi-"Let that man pass through." The offi-cial was mistaken. Frank Wilkins's last day of service for the old flag ended when he tottered through the prison gate, but his heroic heart and vigorous constitution tided him over, and he lived for many years after the war ended. After the sick

burg. After getting my tent-mate through the gate I had gone back to my desolate I have seen Lee's soldiers pick up and eat crusts of bread thrown out by the prisoners.'"

That last sentence shows Capt. Jackson Warner to be unworthy of belief. I did not make the gentleman's acquaintance while in Richmond, and possibly his heart was full of the milk of human kindness, but when he deliberately states that he has "seen Lee's soldiers pick up and eat crusts of bread thrown out by the prisoners," he states what he knows, and what every prisoner who was ever in a Bouthern prison knows, to be false. Never a crust nor a crumb, nor anything that could possibly be enten by an Eskimo dog was thrown out by the prisoners. Stary-life! Who were to be the fortunate ones?

known it he would have been the blackest-hearted murderer the world ever prothe treatment of prisoners by the Confederate authorities to here. erate authorities to have touched the chords of sympathy and humanity in his heart, if they were there, and the lives of these men would have been saved.

On leaving Belle Isle we were conducted directly to the depot, where we boarded a train of palace box-cars, and an hour later arrived at City Point, where a flag-of-truce boat—if I remember rightly, the

New York—was awaiting us.

As the train pulled up to the landing there fell upon our vision a sight that to my dying day I shall never forget. There upon the placid stream lay the good ship that was to bear us away from those in hospitable shores back to "God's country." It is our Saviour, a messenger from the happy land beyond the dark "dead line." There can be no mistake—there is no ncertainty, for at her masthead, floating

"Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream."

on or about Aug. 5 an order came to the prison authorities to exchange or parole several hundred prisoners. First, all the sick were selected, without regard to priority, which amounted to about half the quota. Many of the sick were so far gone that they held to life by a thread and prayed. The flog that fored and prayed. The flag that we had loved in peace and cherished in war; the flag that we had followed in victory and guarded and defended in defeat; the flag for which our mothers, sisters, wives and daughters gave the crown-jewels of their hearts; the flag that, during those four years of devastating war, 2,778,304 men rallied to defend and in defending, 900,000 wounds were received and 364,116 lives were sacrificed. The flag that by a thousand battles on land and sea was borne to final victory; that triumphed at last over the vile emblem of treason, slavery, starvation and death, and now guards and honors the graves of the 50,000 who languished and perished beyond the reach of hope or mercy, where the foul rebel rag held sway, with the graves of their more fortunate convendes who fell fortunate comrades who fell beneath the inspiring glory of her starry folds; the flag that today is the proud emblem of 75,000,000 of free and happy people; the one flag of one country extending from the Great Lakes to the Mexican Guif, and from ocean to ocean through 24 degrees of

from ocean to ocean, through 24 degrees of latitude, and 57 degrees of longitude, to say nothing of Alaska and the islands far away; which is known in every harbor in the world; is respected on every sea and honored in every land. As the face of a years after the war ended. After the sick had been selected the remainder of the quota was filled in the order of priority. The oldest prisoners were called until all were taken, and there remained only the Winchester and Gettysburg prisoners. The quota lacked then 100 or more of being full. The Winchester prisoners were the next in priority, but the rolls had been mislaid, and the rolls of the Gettysburg prisoners were substituted.

This event caused an excitement that is easier imagined than described. It was like a death-knell to the hopes of the Winchester men, but it gave a new and unchester men and men the mist of the mist

Every comrade joins in that cheer; the young, the old, the strong, the weak, the well, the sick, the dying, all unite their voices to swell the grand chorus. But see! They are coming out from the ship see! They are coming out from the ship with cots and stretchers to carry in the sick, and springing lightly to the ground I made my way along the train through the excited crowd until I found my old tent-mate again, whom I assisted past the last gray line that intervened between us and our "angel of mercy," over the gangplauk and into the hospital.

The last man was soon on board, then

The last man was soon on board; then our ship cast off her moorings, steamed down the historic James, past the ruins of the old church where Pocahontas was married in the ancient city of Jamestown,

Comrade C. B. Hart, Co. G, 5th N. H., and Co. A, 24th V. R. C., Ferndale, Cal., stood guard over the remains of President Lincoln, while they lay in state at the Capitol from April 17 to 20, 1865. Comrade Hart wonders whether any other member of the detail is living.

GEN. BUELL'S HOME. Quaint Old Mansion in Deserted Village of

Airdrie. The quaint old-fashioned house con-

The quant old-fishioned noise containing about 40 rooms, with its rock chimneys and vine-covered verandas, situated in the deserted village of Airdrie, Muhlenberg County, on the Southern bank in the County of the most

tance is allowed to these froms, as they are locked and the windows binded. The place is owned by his stepdaughter, Miss Nannie Mason, who now resides in Louis ville.

The little footpaths that wind around the cool and shady groves, together with the gates and bridges, add much to the scenery. One interesting feature is the outlit in the year 1855 by Alexandria, a wealthy Scotchman, for the purpose of making iron, but on account of the high transportation this was abandoned. Several years ago a number of convicts were about the red quarry stope to build the Eddyville penifentiary. But the stone was soft it could not be used. Some of the old mines are still there, one of which has two car tracks with a number of count of the high its carry of the old mines are still there, one of which has two car tracks with a number of either the stone was not and ing this wall. It is a piece of masonry equal to the masonry of today.

The village is composed of about 50 of the thousands we left on Belle Isle and at Staunton were alive at the end of a year and a half?

It is estimated that 90 days was the average life of prisoners confined in those places of torment during those appalling months. I was on Belle Isle about 15 days; add to that 75 more, which would have carried us up to the last days of October. No man with less than an iron constitution could have lived through it. But not in October; not until a year from the next February was there another general exchange, at which time these men were all in their graves.

When Gen. Meade refused to allow us to take the parole at Gettysburg, of course, he did not know that all exchange of prisoners was about to cease; if he had known it he would have been the blackest-

> The Assault on Cemetery Hill. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have

ruin and desolation, a lasting monument of the devastation and waste of the civil

een reading with much interest the Adventures of an Iron Brigade Ian," by Capt Beecham, of the 'Adventures Oct. 2., second column, third page, I notice the description of the charge of Hayes's Brigade of Early's Division at sundown the 2d of July, 1863, on the north front of Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg, I desire to say that I have never seen a words. While the attack of Early's Division on the north front of Cemetery Hill did not last very long, it was one of the most thrilling and dramatic affairs of the whole civil was an end of the ments of course being and tentance. whole civil war, and so far as my reading enables me to judge no one has ever done it justice from either view-point—Federal or Confederate. I am sorry that Capt. Beecham did not make about two columns of it instead of a column which he devotes to it.

By the way, we had a man in Battery B of the 4th Art. (Stewart's Battery) named Henry Beecham, who was a detached volunteer from a Wisconsin regiment, either the 2d or 7th, I forget which, but at any rate a Wisconsin volunteer. I would like to know whether he and Capt. R. K. Beecham, who is writing the "Adventures of an Iron Brigade Man." were related. I knew Henry very well, also his cousin, I think, whose pame was Elbridge Packard, a Segregant in the Rat. also his cousin, I think, whose pame was Elbridge Packard, a Sergeant in the Battery, who was killed at North Anna River, or Jericho Ford, May 25, 1864.—Augustus Buell, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gettysburg.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I desire to congratulate Capt. R. K. Beecham on his articles relative to the Iron Brigade, especially that part relating to the battle of Gettysburg. It is the most readable and easiest understood of any account of that greatest of battles I ever read. I was not there, but I understand it better than I ever have done, and hope to be able to buy Capt. Beecham's articles in book form for handy reference.—F. W. HILL. 6th Mich. Cav., Cleveland, Ohio.

There after our mountain campaign. Ragged, dirty, shoeless and hatless, a more dilapidated army was never seen since the days of Falstaff. However, on arriving at Murfreesboro we were supplied with the necessary clothing and rations, and given a few days' rest on the banks of that river, where not long afterwards was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the war.

Here the news reached us that Kirby Smith had slipped by our fortified position at Cumberland Gap and had entered Kentucky with the avowed object of carry-EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I desire

Gen. Longstreet, a Loyal Ex-Confederate. (Religious Telescope.) Gen. Longstreet, the distinguished ex-

Confederate, now far advanced in years, has but recently given expression to his realization of the fact that, although he did not think so at the time, he has long since been thoroughly state, but of the weathy or of the matter of fact he did appear only a few miles from the latter city, and his camp-fires could be seen on the hills back of the Ohio River.

Then began for us that memorable convinced that the defeat of the mighty at-tempt to overthrow the Union was, to the

Gen. Longstreet says in part: Gen. Longstreet says in part:

"I believe that it is conceded that the advance position at the Peach Orchard engagement taken by your corps and under your orders, saved that battlefield to the Union cause. It was the sorriest and sadest reflection of my life for many years; but today I may say with sincerest emotion that it was and is the best that could have come to us all, North and South, and I hope that the Nation reuse. It was the sorriest and sadest reflection of my life for many years; but today I may say with sincerest emotion that it was and is the best that could have come to us all, North and South, and I hope that the Nation reuse. It was the routes of the two armies— South, and I hope that the Nation re-united may always enjoy the honor and glory brought to it by that grand work. Please express my kindest solicitations to your Governor and your fellow-comrades of the Army of the Potomac. Always sin-carely yours

"JAMES LONGSTREET."

# WITH BUELL.

Against Bragg in Kentucky.

Ohio, though there were many ardent Union men to be found. In this respect the district resembled the State, which in 1861 seemed to be about evenly divided on the question of secession,

The Legislature had passed the impracticable "armed neutrality law," designed to keep both armies out of Kentucky. But when it called upon Gen. Anderson to assume command on behalf of the United States, and the Confederate Gen. Buckner invaded the State from Tennessee and occupied Bowling Green, no more was heard of neutrality, and Kentucky became the theater of war which it remained until the close of hostilities.

The enemy at once became very active in eastern Kentucky, and to meet them

mated in the deserted village of Airdrie, Muhlenberg County, on the Southern bank of Green River, presents one of the most picturesque scenes that can be imagined, says the Owensboro (Ky.) Messenger. An ideal place for those who love solitude and quietness and can be much enjoyed by those who love frolic and fun. This is the old home of Gen. Don Carlos Buell. A part of the house is now occupied by an old gentleman and his family, who were residents of the village during the last years of Gen. Buell's life. The old gentleman is very kind to show and give the history of the place to visitors. He has a life-like portrait of Gen, Buell.

The front rooms of the house are still furnished as they were at the time of Buell's death. Nov. 19, 1898, the 47th anniversary of his wedding day. No admittance is allowed to these rooms, as they are locked and the windows blinded. The place is owned by his stepdaughter, Miss Nannie Mason, who now resides in Louisville.

The flittle footpaths that wind around

The village is composed of about 50

At this period of the war, and for long unpopularity increased and was shared in yacant, dilapidated frame houses with brick pillars and chimneys. While walking through the village a profound soleming is cast over you on account of the masonry of today.

At this period of the war, and for long unpopularity increased and was shared in yacanter of spirits into our canteen. I have unpopularity increased and was shared in yacanter of spirits into our canteen. I have consured for rashness, Crittenden for interest that looked like indifference to the was a gentleman, a soldier and a the result, and Gilbert for inefficiency and Kentuckian. raiders, who not infrequently harassed our rear when we were looking for them in our front. Our army was woefully deficient in cavalry, the few mounted men we had being mostly engaged in protecting correct, as we held 5,000 of his men we had being mostly engaged in protecting our supplies depended.

Our sinister old foe, Bragg, was silently planning to rid Tennessee of our presence, and kept us all guessing as to his intentions. We followed him into the mountains of East Tennessee, and were hot on his trail all the way. At McMinnville it was confidently expected he would give edge as to his movements and intentions ments, of course, being entirely dependent upon those of Bragg. The general im-pression was that the Confederate Gen-Nashville, apparently not a difficult undertaking at that time, for the place was but poorly defended, and he could reach it without much opposition from Buell. Our division, under Crittenden, marched to Altamont over a steep and rough road, but through a magnificent mountain country, where the people seemed to be loyal and patriotic, though for the most part very poor. Having arrived at the top of the hill, like the King of France's many prisoners. But he pressed onward many many many prisoners. But he pressed onward the first hill of the first hill hill of the first hill of the hill of the first hill of the first hill of the first hill of men, we marched down again, it having been learned that Bragg's whole army was north of the Tennessee River, and was quickly as possible, Buell abandoned the probably heading for Kentucky, though it pursuit. was still possible he might alter his course and make a descent upon Nashville. Acting, as I think, upon the latter supp Capt. Beecham's Description of the Battle of at Murfreesboro, and a sorry-looking spectacle we presented upon our arrival there after our mountain campaign. Rag-

Kentucky with the avowed object of carry-ing the war into the enemy's country, and of possessing himself not only of that State, but of the wealthy city of Cincin-

march in pursuit of Bragg, whose pur-pose was now clearly defined to be the south as well as to the North, under God, a great blessing in disguise. Assurance of this he gave in a recent letter to Gen. Sickles, in which he concedes that the advance position taken by that General's Corps on the Gettysburg battlefield, at Peach Orchard, saved the day for the Union cause, a question which has been much discussed since the war.

Gen. Longstreet wars in part. He also hoped to replenish his stores from the abundance which the Government had

to us, as the routes of the two armies—
Bragg on his way to Lexington and Buell headed for Louisville—were often on almost parallel lines. At last, however, the enemy was obliged to make a stand, in order to check our advance and to enable him to leave the State state.

#### WHAT A SAMPLE BOTTLE OF SWAMP-ROOT

Reminiscences of Operations To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, Will do for YOU, Every Reader of The National Tribune May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Against Bragg in Kentucky.

Against Bragg in Kentucky.

Against Bragg in Kentucky.

Against Bragg in Kentucky.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root intensity of the word of the sure of the sur





MRS. H. N. WHEELER.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

derful cures of the most distressing cases.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

We often see a friend, a relative, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness, or sudden death, caused by the fatal transfer to the that fatal type of kidney trouble-Bright's Disease.

The Effect of the Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root.

"Having heard that you could procure a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, free by mail, I wrote to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and it was promptly sent. I was so pleased after trying the sample bottle that I sent to the drug store and procured a supply. I have used Swamp-Root regularly for some time and consider it unsurpassed as a remedy for torpid liver, loss of appetite and general derangement of the digestive functions. I think my trouble was due too close confinement in my business. I can recommend it highly for all liver and kidney complaints. I am not in the habit of endorsing any medicine, but in this case I cannot speak too much in praise of what Swamp-Root has done for Springfield, Ohlo., Feb. 21st, 1901.

Springfield, Ohlo., Feb. 21st, 1901. EDITORIAL NOTE—If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the wonderful discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone,
You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root, and containing many of the thousands more there are the second statements.

many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives to the great curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in The National Tribune.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular 50-cent and \$1 size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Frankfort.

slip of railroad upon which depended. prisoners after the battle, and next day captured 1,500 of his sick and wounded at Harrodsburg, while his loss in killed and wounded must have been fully equal to our own. It was always the policy of the Confederates to mimimize their losses in their reports, and to greatly exagger-ate that of the enemy. I will not say that some of our own commanders did not do the same thing. Gen. Polk commanded the Confederate forces during the action,

Bragg being absent at Frankfort with Kirby Smith. Our army at Perryville consisted of three corps, commanded by Gilbert, Mc-Cook and Crittenden, Gen. Thomas was second in command under Buell; of these Generals all but Gilbert were known to the army. This was his first and last appearance in command of a corps.

After the battle of Perryville Bragg seemed to have had enough fighting. He retreated southward, closely pursued by Buell. At Harrodsburg there was some fighting and a large quantity of Bragg's

Upon our return to Louisville we were allowed a few days for rest and recuper-ation. We were supplied with an abun-dance of rations, and the first potatoes and onions we had seen for a year were issued to us by the agents of the Sanitary Com-

many prisoners. But he pressed onward towards Cumberland Gap, and as his evi-

dent intention was to leave the State as

An incident of our march through the city of Louisville is still fresh in my recol lection. My "bunkey" and I had looked forward for some time to the day when we would be able to obtain a drink of the famous Bourbon to be had in that city. Accordingly we slipped out of ranks unobserved and made our way to the Louis-ville Hotel. Imagine us, two dirty, unshaved, ragamuffins, with tattered clothing, broken shoes, trousers legs incased in Edwin F. Brown.

booty. He no longer thought of holding the State for the Confederacy, though he had gone through the farce of installing a Confederate State Government at Frankfort.

On the Sth McCook engaged the enemy at Perryville, and without notifying Buell precipitated an action, the brunt of which fell on his division. To the rank a large placard bearing the legend "To

Upon our arrival in camp we learned that Gen. Buell had been relieved from command. This news gave great satisfaction to the army, which had lost faith in him, and questioned not only his ability but his loyalty. Indeed, I have often thought sadly of the cruel injustice and ingratitude of the country and the army towards Gen. Buell. He found the Army of the Ohio an armed mob, and left it a disciplined and well-organized army. He did for it what McClellan did for the Army of the Potomac; but while "little Mac." always retained the love and confidence of his men, Buell hardly even commanded the respect due his recition form. manded the respect due his position from his subordinates. He was a graduate of West Point, a fine soldier, but a strict disciplinarian. He punished straggling and all other infractions of orders with a heavy hand. He was cold and apparently distrustful towards most of his officers, and the men considered him not only unnecessarily harsh and severe, but too careful of the property and comfort of the people who openly sympathized with rebels, and hated the Union soldier. We did not know then, as we do now, that in all this long year of hard service and constant marching and drilling he was mak-ing an army. His rigid discipline bore fruit later, and fully vindicated the man and his methods. There are few of his old soldiers who are unwilling to acknowledge that all his aims were for the good of the army and the honor of his country.

The 28th N. Y.

Comrade C. W. Boyce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the enterprising Secretary of the 28th N. Y. Regimental Association, has issued a neat pamphlet of 40 pages, containing the proceedings at the dedication of the regimental monument at Culpeper, Va., Aug. 8, 1902. Besides the very interesting speeches the pamphlet contains a full page half-tone cut of the monument ground around which see the also half-tone portraits of Col. Edwin F. Brown, C. W. Boyce, Hon. Oren' B. Brown, Mrs. Annie L. Stilson, Gen. Ho-ratio C. King, Sylvester S. Marvin, Col. T. E. True, U. S. A., and Gen. N. M. Curtis. The book was compiled by

## PENSIONS!

breaker. It was only accomplished by hard work and close attention to business. He is at the Departments each day, looking up neglected and rejected cases. He will look up yours, free of charge, and use all testimony found on file with same. Fee only to be paid after you have received your pension. Thousands of pensions can be increased. Will send references in reply. If you want a pension or patent without unnecessary delay, write

> JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Pension and Patent Attorney, WASHINGTON, D. C.

